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SIONS SONETS

Sions Sonets

SUNG BY

SOLOMON

THE

KING

AND PERIPHRAS'D

BY

FRANCIS QUARLES

Cambridge

The Riverside Press

1905

NOTE

THIS printing of SION'S SONETS is from the version included in the 1680 edition of Quarles's DIVINE POEMS, which offers a more consistent and a slightly more modern text than that of the original edition of the SONETS published in quarto in 1625. A few misprints in the edition of 1680 have been corrected from the reading of 1625, and the dedication, which was omitted from the later edition, has been reproduced from the quarto.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE AND NO LESSE GOOD THEN GREAT LORD, JAMES, MARQUES HAMLETON.

SIR,

HAD *these Lines been looſe, and laſcivious, I had either pickt out a leſſe honourable Patron, or ſtood to the courteſie of every wanton Reader; But being (as they*

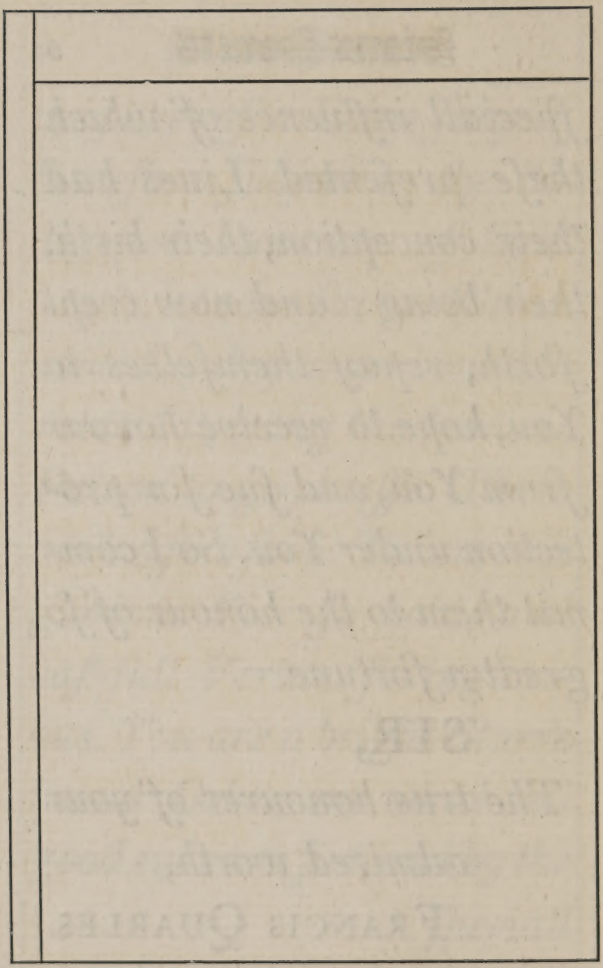
they are) of a divine ſubject, therefore ſubject to the ill-digeſted humours of light heads, by your favour (thrice noble Lord) you are bound to protect it, being the knowne Patron to goodneſſe. There are too few ſuch: This makes glorious Vice ſo bold, and baſhfull Vertue ſo inglorious. You are a bright Starre in our Orbe; on which all good eyes are fixt, and by the ſpeciall

ſpeciall influence of which theſe preſented Lines had their conception, their birth, their being; and now crept forth, repay themſelves to You, hope to receive honour from You, and ſue for protection under You. So I commit them to the honour of ſo great a fortune.

SIR,

The true honourer of your admired worth,

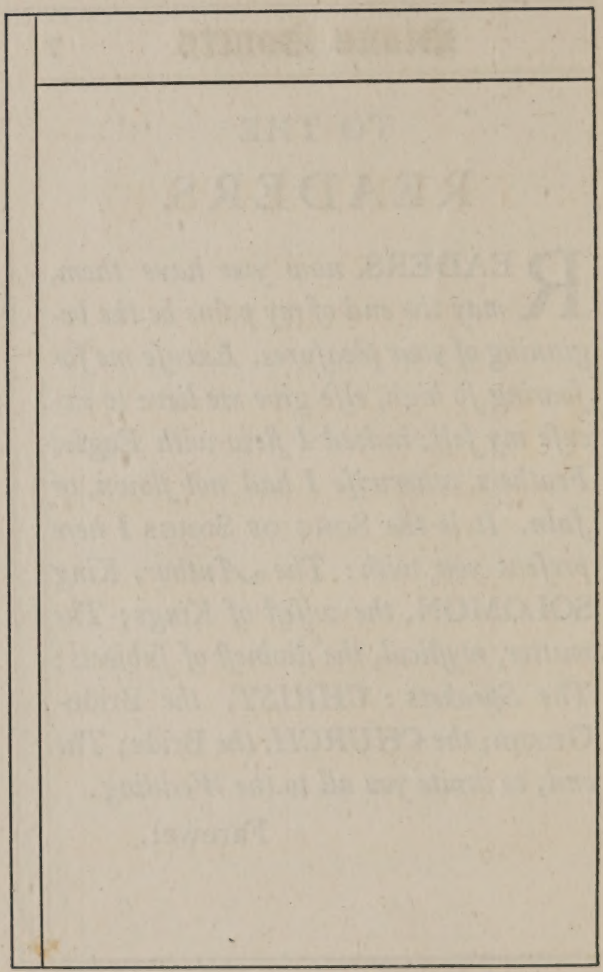
FRANCIS QUARLES.



TO THE READERS.

READERS, *now you have them, may the end of my pains be the beginning of your pleaſures. Excuſe me for ſoaring ſo high, elſe give me lieve to excuſe my ſelf; indeed I flew with Eagles Feathers, otherwiſe I had not flown, or faln. It is the* SONG OF SONGS *I here preſent you with: The Author, King* SOLOMON, *the wiſeſt of Kings; The matter, myſtical, the divineſt of ſubjects; The Speakers: CHRIST, the* Bride-Groom; *the CHURCH, the* Bride; *The end, to invite you all to the Wedding.*

Farewel.



AN EPITHALME TO THE BRIDEGROOM.

HOSANNA *to the Higheſt, Joy betide*
The Heavenly Bride-Groom, *and his Holy* Bride;
Let Heaven above be fill'd with Songs,
Let Earth triumph below;
For ever ſilent be thoſe tongues,
That can be ſilent now.
You Rocks, and Stones, I charge you all to break
Your flinty ſilence, if men ceaſe to ſpeak:

You

You that profeſs the ſacred Art,
Or now, or never ſhew it,
Plead not your Muſe is out of heart,
Here's that creates a Poet.
Be raviſht, Earth, to ſee this Contract
driven,
'Twixt ſinful Man, and reconciled
Heaven.
Diſmount, you Quire of Angels; come,
With Men your joys divide;
Heaven never ſhew'd ſo ſweet a Groom,
Nor Earth ſo fair a Bride.

BRIDE.

SONET I.

O THAT the bounty of thoſe lips Divine
Would ſeal their favours on theſe lips of mine,
That by thoſe welcome *kiſſes, I might ſee
The mutual love betwixt my Love and me!
For truer bliſs no worldly joy allows,
Than ſacred Kiſſes from ſo ſweet a Spouſe,
With which no earthly pleaſure may compare,
Rich Wines are not ſo delicate as they 're.

*Sensible Graces.

[2]

Nor Myrrh, nor Caſſia, nor the choice perfumes
Of unctious Nard, or Aromatick Fumes
Of hot *Arabia*, do enrich the Air
With more delicious ſweetneſs, than the fair
Reports, that crown the merits of thy Name
With heavenly Lawrels of eternal Fame;
Which makes the *Virgins fix their eyes upon thee,
And all that view thee, are enamoured on thee.

**Pure in Heart.*

[3]

O LET the beauty of thy Sun-like Face
Inflame my Soul, and let thy Glory chaſe
Diſloyal thoughts: let not the World allure
My chaſte deſires from a Spouſe ſo pure:
But when as time ſhall place me on thy *Throne,
My fears ſhall ceaſe, and interrupt by none,
I ſhall tranſcend the ſtile of Tranſitory,
And full of Glory, ſtill be fill'd with Glory.

*The Kingdom of Heaven.

[4]

BUT you, my curious (and too nice) allies,
That view my fortunes with too narrow eyes,
You ſay my face is *black and foul; 'tis true;
I 'm beauteous to my Love, though black to you;
My cenſure ſtands not upon your eſteem,
He ſees me, as I †am; you, as I ſeem;
You ſee the Clouds, but he diſcerns the Sky;
Know 'tis my ‡fleſh that looks ſo black, not I.

*Through apparent infirmities. †Glorious in him. ‡Weakness of the Flesh.

[5]

WHAT if Afflictions do dif-imbeliſh
My natural Glory, and deny the reliſh
Of my adjourned Beauty, yet diſdain not
Her, by whoſe neceſſary loſs, you gain not;
I was inforc'd to *ſwelter in the Sun,
And †keep a Strangers Vine, left mine alone:
I left mine own, and kept a Strangers Vine;
The fault was ‡mine, but was §not only mine.

*Afflictions. †Forced to idolatrous superstitions.
‡By reason of my weakness.
§Being seduced by false Prophets.

[6]

O THOU, whoſe love I prize above my life,
More worthy far t' enjoy a fairer wife,
Tell me, to what cool ſhade dost thou reſort?
Where graze thy Sheep, where do thy Lambs diſport
Free from the ſcorching of this *ſoultry weather?
O tell thy Love and let thy Love come thither:
Say (gentle Shepherd) fits it thee to cheriſh
Thy private Flocks, and let thy true Love †periſh?

*Persecutions. †By Idolatry.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET II.

ILLUSTRIOUS *Bride;* more radiant and more *bright,
Than th' eye of Noon, thrice fairer than the light;
Thou deareſt off-ſpring of my dying blood,
And treaſure of my ſoul, why haſt thou ſtood
Parching ſo long in thoſe ambitious Beams?
Come, come, and cool thee in theſe ſilver †ſtreams,
Unſhade thy face, caſt back thoſe golden Locks,
And I will make thee ‡Miſtreſs of my Flocks.

**Through my merits, and thy Sanctification.*
†The Doctrine of the true Prophets.
‡Teacher of my Congregations.

[2]

O THOU the Center of my choice deſires,
In whom I reſt, in whom my Soul reſpires;
Thou art the flower of Beauty, and I prize thee
Above the World, howe'r the World deſpiſe thee:
The blind imagine all things black by kind,
Thou art as beautiful as they are blind:
And as the faireſt Troops of *Pharaoh's* Steeds
Exceed the reſt, ſo Thou the reſt exceeds.

[3]

THY *Cheeks (the garden where
freſh Beauty plants
Her choiceſt flowers) no adorning
wants;
There wants no reliſh of †Diviner
Grace,
To ſumme compleatneſs in ſo ſweet a
face;
Thy neck is without blemiſh, without
blot,
Than Pearls more orient, clear from
ſtain or ſpot;
Thy Gems and Jewels full of curious
Art
Imply the ſacred treaſures of thy
heart.

*Thy most visible parts. †Sanctification.

[4]

THE Sun-bright Glory of thy re-
ſounding Fame
Adds Glory to the Glory of thy
Name.
The more 's thy honour Love, the
more thou ſtriv'ſt
To honour me; thou gaineſt what
thou giv'ſt:
My Father (whom our Contract hath
made thine)
Will give thee large endowments of
*Divine,
And everlaſting Treaſure; Thus by
me
Thou ſhalt be rich, that am thus rich
in thee.

*The riches of his holy Spirit.

BRIDE.

SONET III.

OH, how my Soul is raviſht with the joys
That ſpring like *Fountains* from my true-Loves voice!
How cordial are his Lips! how ſweet his Tongue!
Each word he breathes, is like a melodious Song;
He abſent (ah!) how is my glory dim!
I have no beauty not deriv'd from Him;
Whate'r I have, from him alone I have,
And he takes pleaſure in thoſe Gifts he gave.

[2]

As fragrant Myrrh, within the bo-
ſom hid,
Scents more delicious than (before) it
did,
And yet receives no ſweetneſs from
that breſt,
That proves the ſweeter for ſo ſweet
a Gueſt:
Even ſo the favour of my deareſt
Spouſe,
Thus priz'd and placed in my heart,
endows
My ardent Soul with ſweetneſs, and
inſpires
With heavenly raviſhment, my rapt
deſires.

[3]

WHO ever ſmelt the breath of morning flowers,
New ſweetned with the daſh of twi-light ſhowers,
Of pounded Amber, or the flowring Thyme,
Of purple Violets in their proudeſt prime,
Or ſwelling Cluſters from the Cypreſs Tree?
So ſweet's my Love; I, far more ſweet is he.
So fair, ſo ſweet, that Heavens bright eye is dim,
And Flowers have no ſcent compar'd with him.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET IV.

O THOU the joys of my ſufficed heart,
The more thou think'ſt me fair, the more thou art;
Look in the Cryſtal mirrours of mine eyes,
And view thy beauty, there thy beauty lies;
See there th' unmated Glory of thy Face,
Well mixt with ſpirit and Divineſt Grace;
The eyes of Doves are not ſo fair,*as thine;
O how thoſe eyes inflame theſe eyes of mine!

**The holy Prophets.*

BRIDE.

SONET V.

MOST radiant and refulgent Lamp of Light,
Whoſe mid-day Beauty yet n'er found a night,
'Tis thou, 'tis only thou art fair; from Thee
Reflect thoſe *Rays that have enlightned me,
And as bright *Cynthia's* borrow'd Beams do ſhine
From *Titan's* Glory, ſo do I from thine;
So daily flouriſhes our freſh delight,
In daily giving †and receiving light.

*Thy holy Spirit.
†In giving grace and receiving glory.

[2]

NOR does thy Glory ſhine to me alone:
What place wherein thy Glory hath not ſhone?
But O, how fragrant, with rich odour, ſmells
That *ſacred houſe, where thou my true love dwells!
Nor is it ſtrange: How can thoſe places be
But fill'd with ſweetneſs, if poſſeſt with thee!
My heart's a Heaven, for thou art in that heart;
Thy preſence makes a Heaven, where-e'r thou art.

*The Congregation of Saints.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET VI.

THOU Sovereign Lady of my ſelect deſires,
I, I am he whom thy chaſt Soul admires:
The Roſe for ſmell, the Lilly to the eye,
Is not ſo ſweet, is not ſo fair as I:
My veiled Beauty 's not the glorious prize
Of *common ſight: †within, my beauty lies:
Yet ne'rtheleſs my Glory were but ſmall,
If I ſhould want to honour thee withall.

*Not in outward glory. †Inward Graces.

[2]

NOR do I boaſt my excellence alone,
But thine (dear Spouſe) as whom the world hath none
So true to faith, ſo pure in love, as whom
Lives not a Bride, ſo fits ſo chaſt a Groom:
And as the faireſt Lilly doth exceed
The fruitleſs Bramble, or the fouleſt Weed,
So far (my Love) doſt thou exceed the reſt,
In perfect Beauty of a loyal Breſt.

BRIDE.

SONET VII.

Look how the fruitful Tree (whoſe laden boughs
With ſwelling pride, crown Autumns ſmiling brows)
Surpaſſes idle ſhrubs, even ſo in worth
My love tranſcends the Worthies of the Earth:
He was my ſhore in ſhipwrack; and my ſhelter
In ſtorms; my ſhade, when I began to ſwelter:
If hungry, he was food; and if oppreſt
With wrongs, my Advocate; with toyl, my reſt.

[2]

I THIRSTED; and full charged to the brink,
He gave me *Bowls of Nectar for my Drink:
And in his ſide he broacht me (for a ſign
Of deareſt love) a Sacramental Wine;
He freely gave; I freely drank my fill;
The more I drank, the more remained ſtill.
Did ever Souldier to his Colours prove
More chaſt than I, to ſo entire a Love?

*The holy Scriptures.

[3]

O How his Beauty ſets my Soul on fire!
My ſpirits languiſh with extream deſire:
Deſires exceeding limits, are too laviſh,
And wanting means to be affected, raviſh;
Then let thy *breath like flaggons of ſtrong wine,
Relieve and comfort this poor heart of mine;
For I am ſick, till time (that doth delay
Our Marriage) bring our joyful Marriage Day.

*Thy sweet promises.

[4]

TILL then, O let my deareſt Lord, by whom
Theſe pleaſing plaints of my ſweet ſorrows come,
Perform his Vows, and with his due reſort,
Bleſs me; to make the ſullen time ſeem ſhort:
In his ſweet Preſence may I ſtill be bleſt,
Debarr'd from whom my Soul can find no reſt.
O let all times be proſp'rous, and all places
Be witneſs to our undefil'd Embraces.

[5]

ALL you, whoſe ſeeming favours
have poſſeſt
The true affection of a loyal breſt,
I charge you all by the true love you
bear
To friendſhip, or what elſe you count
moſt dear;
*Diſturb ye not my Love; O do not
'rieve
Him of his joys, that is ſo apt to
grieve;
Dare not to break his quiet ſlumbers,
leſt
You rouze a raging Lion from his
reſt.

*Vex not his Spirit with your sins.

[6]

HARK, hark, I hear that thrice celeſtial voice,
Wherein my Spirits, rapt with joys, rejoice;
A voice that tells me, my Beloved 's nigh;
I know the Muſick by the Majeſty.
Behold, he comes; 'Tis not my *blemiſht face
Can ſlack the ſwiftneſs of his winged pace;
Behold, he comes; His Trumpet doth proclaim,
He comes with ſpeed; A truer Love ne'r came.

*The imperfections of my present estate.

[7]

BEHOLD the ſwiftneſs of his nimble feet:
The Ro-buck and the Hart were ne'r ſo fleet;
The word I ſpake flew not ſo ſpeedy from me,
As he, the treaſure of my ſoul, comes to me:
He ſtands behind my wall, as if in doubt
Of welcome; Ah, this *wall debarrs him out,
O how injurious is the wall of ſin,
That barres my Lover out, and bolts me in!

*The weakness of my flesh.

The BRIDE in the perſon of the BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET VIII.

HARK, hark, methinks I hear my true Love ſay,
Break down that envious Bar, and come away;
Ariſe (my deareſt Spouſe) and diſpoſſeſs
Thy ſoul of doubtful fears, nor overpreſs
Thy tender ſpirits, with the dull deſpair
Of thy demerits; (Love) thou art as fair
As earth will ſuffer: Time will make thee clearer;
Come forth (my Love) than whom my life's not dearer.

[2]

COME forth (my Joy,) what bold affront of fear
Can fright thy Soul, and I, thy Champion here?
'Tis I that call, 'tis I, thy Bridegroom calls thee:
Betide it me, whatever evil befalls thee:
The winter of thy ſharp affliction's gone:
Why fear'ſt thou cold, and art ſo near the Sun?
I am thy Sun, if thou be cold, draw nearer!
Come forth (my Love) than whom my life's not dearer.

[3]

COME forth (my Dear) the ſpring of joys invite thee,
The *flowers contend for beauty to delight thee;
Their ſweet ambition's only, which might be
Moſt Sweet, moſt Fair, becauſe moſt like to thee:
The †Birds (ſweet Heralds of ſo ſweet a Spring)
Warble high notes, and *Hymeneans* ſing:
All ſing with joy, t'enjoy ſo ſweet a Hearer:
Come forth (my Love) than whom my life's not dearer.

*The Elect. †Angels.

[4]

THE proſperous *Vine, which this dear hand did plant
Tenders due ſervice to ſo ſweet a Saint:
Her hidden Clusters ſwell with ſacred pride,
To †kiſs the lips of ſo, ſo fair a Bride;
Maſqu'd in their leaves, they lurk, fearing to be
Deſcry'd by any, till firſt ſeen by thee:
The Clouds are paſt, the Heaven cannot be clearer;
Come forth (dear Love) than whom my life 's not dearer.

*The Congregation of the Faithful.
†To offer up the fruits of obedience.

[5]

My Dove whom daily *dangers teach new ſhifts,
That like a Dove, doſt haunt the ſecret clifts
Of ſolitary Rocks: Howe'r thou be
Reſerv'd from others, be not ſtrange to me.
Call me to reſcue, and this brawny Arm
Shall quell thy Foe, and fence thy ſoul from harm;
Speak, Love: Thy voice is ſweet; what if thy face
Be drencht with tears? each tear 's a ſeveral grace.

*Persecutions.

[6]

ALL you that wiſh proſperity and peace,
To crown our Contract with a long increaſe
Of future joys, O ſhield my ſimple Love
From thoſe that ſeek her ruine, and remove
The baſe Oppoſers of her beſt deſigns;
Deſtroy the Foxes, that deſtroy her Vines.
Her Vines are fruitful, but her tender Grapes
Are ſpoil'd by Foxes, clad in humane ſhapes.

The BRIDE in her own Perſon.

SONET IX.

WHAT greater joy can bleſs my ſoul, than this,
That my Beloved 's mine, and I am his!
Our ſouls are knit, the world cannot untwine
The joyful union of his heart, and mine;
In him I live; in him my ſoul 's poſſeſt
With heavenly ſolace, and eternal reſt:
Heaven only knows the bliſs my ſoul enjoys,
Fond earth 's too dull to apprehend ſuch joys.

[2]

THOU ſweet perfection of my full delights,
Till that bright *Day, devoted to the Rites
Of our ſolemniz'd Nuptials, ſhall come,
Come live with me, and make this heart thy home.
Diſdain me not: Although my face appear
Deform'd and bloudy, yet my heart is †clear:
Make haſte: Let not the ſwift-foot Ro-buck flee
The following Hound ſo faſt, as thou to me.

*The Day of Judgment. †By sanctification.

[3]

I THOUGHT my Love had taken up his reſt
Within the *ſecret Cabin of my Breſt,
I thought the cloſed Curtains did immure
His gentle ſlumbers, but was too ſecure:
For (driven with love to the falſe Bed) I †ſtept,
To view his ſlumbring beauty, as he ſlept,
But he was gone, yet plainly there was ſeen
The curious dint, where he had lately been.

*In my Soul. †By strict examination.

[4]

IMPATIENT of his abſence, thus bereaven
Of him, than whom I had no other Heaven,
I rav'd a while; not able to digeſt
So great a loſs, to loſe ſo fair a Gueſt:
I left no path untrac'd, no * place unſought;
No ſecret Cell unſearcht; no way unthought;
I aſk'd the ſhade, but ſhadows could not hide him.
I aſk'd the world, but all the world deny'd him.

* *Amongst the wisest Worldlings.*

[5]

My zealous Love, diſtemper'd with diſtraction,
Made fierce with fear, unapt for ſatiſfaction,
Applies freſh fuel to my flaming fires,
With Eagles wings ſupplies my quick deſires:
Up to the walls I trampled, where I ſpy'd
The *City Watch, to whom with tears I cry'd,
Ah gentle Watchmen, you aloft deſcry
What's dark to us, did not my Love paſs by?

*The Ministers of the Word.

[6]

At length when dull deſpair had
gain'd the ground
Of tired hopes, my Faith fell in a
ſwound;
But he whoſe ſympathizing heart did
find
The tyrant paſſion of my troubled
mind,
Forthwith appear'd: What Angels
tongue can let
The world conceive our pleaſures,
when we met?
And till the joys of our eſpouſed
hearts
Be made *complete, the world ne'r
more ſhall part 's.

*At the Resurrection.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET X.

Now reſts my Love: till now, her tender breſt,
Wanting her joy, could find no peace, no reſt;
I charge you all by the true love you bear
To friendſhip, or what elſe you count moſt dear,
Diſturb her not, but let her ſleep her fill,
I charge you all, upon your lives, be ſtill:
O may that labouring Soul, that lives oppreſt
For me, in me receive eternal reſt.

[2]

WHAT curious face is this? what mortal birth
Can ſhew a beauty, thus *unſtain'd with earth?
What glorious Angel wanders thus, alone,
From Earth's foul Dungeon, to my Father's Throne!
It is my Love; my Love that hath deny'd
The world for me; It is my faireſt Bride:
How fragrant is her breath! How heavenly fair
Her Angel face! each glorifying the Air.

*Through sanctification by merits.

BRIDE.

SONET XI.

O how I'm raviſht with *eternal bliſs!
Whoe'r thought Heaven a joy compar'd to this?
How do the pleaſures of this glorious Face
Adde glory to the glory of this place!
See how Kings Courts ſurmount poor Shepherds Cells,
So this the pride of *Solomon* excells;
Rich wreaths of glory crown his Royal Head,
And Troops of Angels wait upon his Bed.

*By Heavenly Contemplation.

[2]

THE Court of Princely *Solomon* was guarded
With able men at Arms; their faith rewarded
With fading honours, ſubject to the Fate
Of Fortune, and the jealous frowns of State:
But here th' harmonious Quire of heaven attend,
Whoſe prize is Glory, Glory without end,
Unmixt with doubtings, or degenerous fear;
A greater Prince than *Solomon* is here!

[3]

THE Bridal Bed of Princely *Solomon*,
(Whoſe beauty amaz'd the greedy lookers on,)
Which all the world admired to behold,
Was but of Cedar, and her ſted of Gold;
Her Pillars Silver, and her Canopy
Of ſilks, but richly ſtain'd with purple dye:
Her Curtains wrought in works, works rarely led
By th' Needles art, ſuch was the Bridal Bed.

[4]

SUCH was the Bridal Bed, which Time, or Age
Durſt never warrant from th' opprobrious rage
Of envious Fate; Earth's meaſure's but a minute;
Earth fades; all fades upon it; all within it.
O, but the Glory of this Diviner Place
No Age can injure, nor yet Time deface:
Too weak an object, for weak eyes to 'bide,
Or tongues t' expreſs: who ever ſaw't, but dy'd?

[5]

WHO e'r beheld the Royal Crown ſet on
The Nuptial Brows of Princely *Solomon?*
His glorious pomp, whoſe honour did diſplay
The noiſed triumphs of his Marriage day?
A greater Prince than *Solomon* is here,
The beauty of whoſe Nuptials ſhall appear
More glorious, far tranſcending his, as far
As Heavens bright lamp outſhines th'obſcureſt Star.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XII.

How orient is thy *Beauty! How Divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth, to thine!
Thy veiled †eyes outſhine the Heavens great light,
Unconquer'd by the ſhady Clouds of Night;
Thy curious ‡Treſſes dangle, all unbound,
With unaffected order to the ground:
How orient is thy Beauty! How Divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!

*Through the gifts of my Spirit.
†The modesty and purity of thy Judgments.
‡Ornaments of necessary Ceremonies.

[2]

THY Ivory *Teeth in whiteneſs do outgo
The Down of Swans, or winters driving Snow;
Whoſe even proportions lively repreſent
Th'harmonious Muſick of unite conſent;
Whoſe perfect whiteneſs Time could never plot;
Nor Age (the Cancer of deſtruction) rot.
How orient is thy Beauty! How Divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!

*Sincere Ministers.

[3]

THE ruby portals of thy ballanc'd
*words
Send forth a welcome reliſh, which
affords
A Heaven of bliſs, and makes the
earth rejoice,
To hear the Accent of thy heavenly
voice;
The †maiden-bluſhes of thy Cheeks
proclaim
A ſhame of guilt, but not a guilt of
ſhame.
How orient is thy Beauty! How Di-
vine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to
thine!

*Doctrine of thy holy Prophets.
†Modeſt graces of the Spirit.

[4]

THY *Neck (unbeautifi'd with borrowed Grace)
Is whiter than the Lillies of thy face,
If whiter may; for beauty and for power,
'T is like the Glory of *David's* Princely Tower:
What Vaſſal Spirit could deſpair or faint,
Finding protection from ſo ſure a Saint?
How orient is thy Beauty! How Divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!

*Magistrates.

[5]

THE dear-bought fruit of that forbidden Tree
Was not ſo dainty as the Apples be,
Theſe curious Apples of thy ſnowy *Breſts,
Wherein a Paradiſe of pleaſure reſts;
They breathe ſuch life into the raviſht †Eye,
That the inflam'd Beholder cannot ‡dye.
How orient is thy Beauty! How Divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!

*The Old and New Testament.
†The sanctified and zealous Reader.
‡The second death.

[6]

My deareſt Spouſe, I'll *hye me to my home,
And till that long-expected †Day ſhall come,
The light whereof ſhall chaſe the night that ſhrouds
Thy veiled beauty in theſe envious ‡Clouds;
Till then, I go, and in my Throne provide
A glorious welcome for my faireſt Bride;
Chaplets of conqu'ring Palm, and Lawrel Boughs
Shall crown thy Temples, and adorn thy Brows.

*I will withdraw my bodily presence.
†The Day of Judgment.
‡Infirmities of the flesh.

[7]

WOULD beauty fain be flatter'd with a grace
She never had? May ſhe behold thy face:
Envy would burſt, had ſhe no other taſk
Than to behold this face without a maſk;
No ſpot, no venial blemiſh could ſhe find,
To feed the famine of her rancorous mind;
Thou art the flower of Beauties Crown, and they're
Much worſe than foul, that think thee leſs than fair.

[8]

FEAR not (my Love) for when
thoſe ſacred bands
Of wedlock ſhall conjoyn our prom-
iſ'd hands,
I'll come and quit thee from this te-
dious *place,
Where thou art forc'd to ſojourn for
a ſpace;
No foreign angle of the utmoſt
Lands,
No Seas Abyſs ſhall hide thee from
my hands,
No night ſhall ſhade thee from my
curious eye,
I'll rouze the Graves, although grim
Death ſtand by.

*This vale of misery.

[9]

ILLUSTRIOUS Beams ſhot from thy
flaming *eye,
Made fierce with zeal, and ſovereign
Majeſty,
Have ſcorcht my ſoul, and like a fiery
Dart
Tranſſixt the Center of my wounded
heart;
The Virgin ſweetneſs of thy heavenly
grace
Had made mine eyes glad Priſ'ners
to thy face;
The beauty of thine eye-balls hath
bereft
Me of my heart: O ſweet, O ſacred
theft!

*The eye of faith.

[10]

O THOU the dear Inflamer of mine eyes,
Life of my ſoul, and hearts eternal prize.
How delectable is thy Love! How pure!
How apt to raviſh, able to allure
A frozen Soul; and with thy ſecret fire,
T' afflict dull ſpirits with extream deſire!
How do thy joys (though in their greateſt dearth)
Tranſcend the proudeſt pleaſures of the Earth!

[11]

THY lips (my deareſt Spouſe) are
the full treaſures
Of *ſacred Poeſie, whoſe heavenly
meaſures
Raviſh with joy the willing heart that
hears,
But ſtrikes a deafneſs in rebellious
ears:
Thy words, like milk and honey, do
requite
The ſeaſon'd Soul with profit and de-
light:
Heavens higher Palace, and theſe
lower places
Of dungeon-earth are ſweetned with
thy Graces.

*Divine Harmony.

[12]

My Love is like a Garden, full of flowers,
Whoſe Sunny Banks, and choice of ſhady bowers
Give change of pleaſures, pleaſures wall'd about
With armed Angels, to keep ruine out;
And from her *Breſts (†encloſed from the ill
Of looſer eyes) pure ‡Cryſtal Drops diſtill:
The fruitful ſweetneſs of whoſe gentle ſhowers
Inrich her flowers with beauty; Banks with flowers.

*The two Testaments.
†Riddles to prophane Readers.
‡Celestial Comforts.

[13]

My Love is like a Paradiſe beſet
With rareſt gifts, whoſe fruits
(but tender yet)
The world ne'r taſted; dainties far
more rare
Than *Edens* tempting Apple, and
more fair;
Myrrh, Aloes, Incenſe, and the Cy-
preſs Tree
Can boaſt no ſweetneſs, but is breath'd
from thee:
Dainties for taſte, and flowers for the
ſmell
Spring all from thee, whoſe ſweets
all ſweets excell.

BRIDE.

SONET XIII.

O THOU (my Dear) whoſe ſweets all ſweets excell,
From whom my fruits receive their taſte, their ſmell.
How can my thriving *plants refuſe to grow,
Thus quickned with ſo ſweet a †Sun as thou?
How can my flowers, which thy Ewers nouriſh
With ſhow'rs of living water, chuſe but flouriſh?
O, thou the ſpring, from whence theſe waters burſt,
Did ever any taſte thy ſtreams, and thirſt?

**The faithful. †The Sun of Righteousness.*

[2]

AM I a Garden? May my flowers be
So highly honor'd to be ſmelt by thee?
Inſpire them with thy ſacred breath, and then
Receive from them thy borrow'd breath, agen.
Frequent thy Gardens, whoſe rare fruit invites
Thy welcome preſence, to his choice delights;
Taſte where thou liſt, and take thy full repaſt,
Here's that will pleaſe thy ſmell, thine eye, thy taſte.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XIV.

THOU ſacred Center of my ſoul, in whom
I reſt, behold thy wiſht for Love is come;
Refreſht with thy delights, I have repaſted
Upon thy *pleaſures; my full ſoul hath taſted
Thy †rip'ned dainties, and hath freely been
Pleaſ'd with thoſe ‡fruits, that are (as yet) but green;
All you that love the honour of my Bride,
Come taſte her Vineyards, and be Deifi'd.

*Obedience. †Strong works of faith.
‡The new fruits of the Spirit.

BRIDE.

SONET XV.

IT was a *night, a night as dark, as foul
As that black Errour that entranc'd my ſoul,
When as my beſt Beloved came and knockt
At my dull †Gates, too too ſecurely lockt:
Unbolt (ſaid he) theſe ‡churliſh doors (my Dove),
Let not falſe ſlumbers bribe thee from thy Love;
Hear him, that for thy gentle ſake came hither,
Long injur'd by this §nights ungentle weather.

*Too much severity. †My heart.
‡The pleasures of the flesh.
§Thy hard-hearted unkindness.

[2]

I HEARD the voice, but the perfidious
pleaſure
Of my ſweet ſlumbers could not find
the leaſure
To ope my drowzy doors; my ſpirit
could ſpeak
Words fair enough; but ah, my fleſh
was weak,
And fond excuſes taught me to be-
tray
My ſacred Vows to a ſecure delay.
Perfidious ſlumbers, how have you
the might
To blind true pleaſures with a falſe
delight!

[3]

WHEN as my Love, with oft-repeated knocks,
Could not avail, ſhaking his dewy locks,
Highly diſpleaſ'd, he could no longer 'bide
My ſlight neglect, but went away deni'd;
No ſooner gone, but my dull ſoul diſcern'd
Her drowzy errour; my griev'd ſpirit *yearn'd
To find him out; theſe ſeiled eyes that ſlept
So ſoundly faſt, awak'd, much faster wept.

*Repented.

[4]

THUS raiſ'd and rouz'd from my deceitful reſt,
I op'd my Doors, where my departed Gueſt
Had been; I thruſt the churliſh Portals from me,
That ſo deny'd my deareſt Bridegroom to me;
But when I ſmelt of my returned hand,
My Soul was rapt, my powers all did ſtand
Amazed at the *ſweetneſs they did find,
Which my neglected Love had left behind.

*The sweetness of his Grace.

[5]

I op'd my Door, my Myrrh-diſtilling Door,
But ah! my Gueſt was gone, had given me o'r:
What curious Pen, what Artiſt can define
A mateleſs ſorrow? Such, ah, ſuch was mine!
Doubts and deſpair had of my life depriv'd me;
Had not ſtrong hope of his return reviv'd me;
I ſought, but he refuſed to appear;
I call'd, but he would not be heard, nor hear.

[6]

THUS with the tyranny of grief diſtraught,
I rang'd around, no place I left unſought,
No ear unaſk'd; the *Watchmen of the City
†Wounded my Soul, without remorſe or pity,
To Virgin tears: They taught my feet to ſtray,
Whoſe ſteps were apt enough to loſe their way;
With taunts and ſcorns they checkt me and derided,
And call'd me Whore, becauſe I walkt unguided.

*False Teachers. †With their false Doctrines.

[7]

You hallowed Virgins, you, whoſe tender hearts
E'r felt th' Impreſſion of *Loves ſecret Darts,
I charge you all by the dear Faith you owe
To Virgin pureneſs, and your Veſtal vow,
Commend me to my Love, if e'r you meet him:
O tell him that his love-ſick Spouſe doth greet him:
O let him know, I languiſh with deſire
T'enjoy that heart, that ſets this heart on fire.

*Divine Love.

VIRGINS.

SONET XVI.

O THOU, the faireſt flower of mortal birth,
If ſuch a beauty may be born of Earth,
Angel or Virgin, which? or both in one,
Angel by beauty, Virgin by thy mone,
Say, who is He that may deſerve theſe tears,
Theſe precious drops? who is't can ſtop his ears
At theſe fair lips? Speak, Lady, ſpeak at large,
Who is't? for whom giv'ſt thou ſo ſtrict a charge?

BRIDE.

SONET XVII.

My Love is the perfection of delight,
Roſes and Doves are not ſo red, ſo white;
Unpattern'd beauty ſummon'd every Grace
To the compoſure of ſo ſweet a face;
His Body is a Heaven, for in his breſt
The perfect Eſſence of a God doth reſt;
The brighter eye of Heaven did never ſhine
Upon another Glory, ſo Divine.

[2]

His *head is far more glorious to behold,
Than fruitful Ophirs oft refined Gold;
'Tis the rich Magazine of ſecret treaſure,
Whence Graces ſpring in unconfined meaſure;
His curl'd and dangling †Treſſes do proclaim
A Nazarite, on whom ne'r Razor came.
Whoſe Raven-black colour gives a curious reliſh
To that which beauty did ſo much imbelliſh.

*His Deity. †His Humanity.

[3]

LIKE to the eyes of Doves are his
fair *eyes,
Wherein ſtern Juſtice, mixt with
mercy, lies;
His eyes are ſimple, yet Majeſtical,
In motion nimble, and yet chaſte
withal,
Flaming like fire, and yet burn they
not,
Unblemiſht, undiſtained with a ſpot,
Blazing with precious beams, and to
behold,
Like to rich Diamonds in a frame of
Gold.

*His Judgments and care of his Church.

[4]

His Cheeks are like to fruitful Beds o'r-grown
With Aromatick Flowers newly blown,
Whoſe odours, beauty, pleaſe the ſmell, the ſight,
And doubling pleaſures double the delight:
His *Lips are like a Cryſtal Spring, from whence
Flow ſweetned ſtreams of ſacred Eloquence,
Whoſe †Drops, into the ear diſtil'd, do give
Life to the ‡Dead, true joys to §them that live.

*The discovery of him in his Word.
†His Promises. ‡Those that dye to sin.
§That live to righteousness.

[5]

His *hands are deckt with rings of †Gold, the rings
With coſtly Jewels, fitting none but Kings;
Which (of themſelves though glorious, yet) receive
More glory from thoſe fingers, than they give;
His ‡Breaſts like Ivory circled round about
With § veins, like Saphirs winding in and out,
Whoſe beauty is (though darkned from the eye)
Full of Divine and ſecret Majeſty.

*His actions. †With pureness.
‡His secret counsels. §Inwardly glorious.

[6]

His *Legs like pureſt marble,
ſtrong and white,
Of curious ſhape (though quick) unapt for flight;
His feet (as Gold that's oft refined) are,
Like his upright proceedings, pure and fair;
His †Port is Princely, and his Stature tall,
And, like the Cedar, ſtout, yet ſweet withal.
O, who would not repoſe his life, his bliſs,
Upon a Baſe ſo fair, ſo firm as this!

*His ways constant, firm, and pure.
†His whole courage.

[7]

His mouth! but ſtay, what need
my lips be laviſh
In choice of words, when one alone
will raviſh?
But ſhall, in brief, my ruder tongue
diſcover
The ſpeaking Image of my abſent
Lover?
Let then the curious hand of Art re-
fine
The race of Vertues Moral and Di-
vine,
From whence by Heaven let there
extracted be
A perfect Quinteſſence; even ſuch is
He.

VIRGINS.

SONET XVIII.

THRICE fairer than the faireſt, whoſe ſad tears
And ſmiling words have charm'd our eyes, our ears,
Say, whither is this prize of beauty gone,
More fair than kind, to let thee weep alone?
Thy tempting lips have whet our dull deſire,
And till we ſee him, we are all on fire:
We 'll find him out, if thou wilt be our Guide:
The next way to the *Bridegroom* is the **Bride*.

**The Church is the way to Christ.*

BRIDE.

SONET XIX.

IF errour led not my dull thoughts amiſs,
My Genius tells me where my true Love is;
He 's buſie lab'ring on his *flowry Banks,
†Inſpiring ſweetneſs, and ‡receiving thanks,
Watring thoſe Plants whoſe tender roots are §dry,
And pruning ſuch whoſe creſts aſpire ||too high,
Tranſplanting, Grafting, Reaping Fruits from ſome,
And covering others that are *newly come.

*Congregation of the faithful. †Giving Graces.
‡Receiving Glory. §Despairing Souls.
||Not yet thoroughly humbled.
*Strengthening the weak in spirit.

[2]

WHAT if the frailty of my feebler part
Lockt up the Portals of my drowzy heart?
He knows, the weakneſs of the fleſh incumbers
Th' unwilling ſpirit, with ſenſe-bereaving ſlumbers.
My hopes aſſure me, in deſpight of this,
That my Beloved's mine, and I am his:
My hopes are firm (which time ſhall ne'r remove)
That he is mine, by faith; I his, by love.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XX.

THY timely grief (my tears-baptized Love)
Compels mine ears to hear; thy tears to move;
Thy blubber'd beauty to mine eye appears
More bright than 't was: ſuch is the *ſtrength of tears:
Beauty and Terrour meeting in thine eye,
Have made thy face the Throne of Majeſty,
Whoſe awful Beams the proudeſt heart will move
To love for fear, until it fear for love.

*The force of repentance.

[2]

REPRESS thoſe flames, that furnace from that eye,
They raviſh with too bright a tyranny:
Thy fires are too fierce: O turn them from me;
They pierce my ſoul, and with their rays o'rcome me.
Thy curious Treſſes dangle, all unbound
With unaffected order, to the ground:
How orient is thy Beauty! How Divine!
How dark 's the glory of the Earth to thine!

[3]

THY Ivory *Teeth in whiteneſs do out-go
The Down of Swans, or winters driven Snow,
Whoſe even proportions lively repreſent
Th' harmonious muſick of unite conſent;
Whoſe perfect whiteneſs time could never blot,
Nor Age (the envious Worm of ruine) rot:
How orient is thy Beauty! How Divine!
How dark's the Glory of the Earth to thine!

*Sincere Ministers.

[4]

THY *Temples are the Temples
of chaſte love,
Where beauty ſacrific'd her milk-
white Dove,
Upon whoſe Azure paths are always
found
The heaven-born Graces dancing in
a round:
Thy maiden †Bluſhes gently do pro-
claim
A ſhame of guilt, but not a guilt of
ſhame.
How orient is thy Beauty! How Di-
vine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to
thine!

*Thy visible parts. †Modesty and Zeal.

[5]

You, you brave ſpirits, whoſe imperial hand
Enforces what your looks cannot command,
Bring forth your pamper'd Queens, the luſtful prize,
And curious wrecks of your imperious eyes;
Surround the Circle of the earth, and levy
The faireſt Virgins in Loves faireſt Bevy;
Then take from each, to make one perfect grace,
Yet would my Love outſhine that borrow'd face.

[6]

I THOU art ſhe, corrivall'd with no other,
Thou glorious Daughter of thy glorious Mother,
The *New Jeruſalem*, whoſe Virgin birth
Shall deifie the *Virgins of the Earth;
The Virgins of the Earth have ſeen thy beauty,
And ſtood amaz'd, and in a proſtrate duty,
Have ſue'd to kiſs thine hand, making thine eyes
Their Lamps to light them, till the Bridegroom riſe.

**The pure in heart.*

[7]

HARK how the Virgins, hallow'd with thy fire,
And wonder-ſmitten with thy Beams, admire:
Who, who is this (ſay they) whoſe Cheeks reſemble
Aurora's bluſh, whoſe eyes Heavens light diſſemble;
Whoſe face is brighter than the ſilent Lamp
That lights the Earth, to breathe her nightly Damp:
Upon whoſe brow ſits dreadful Majeſty,
The frown whereof commands a Victory?

[8]

FAIR Bride, why was thy troubled Soul dejected
When I was abſent? was my faith ſuſpected,
Which I ſo firmly plighted? Couldſt thou think
My love could ſhake, or ſuch a vow could ſhrink?
I did but walk among my tender Plants,
To ſmell their odours, and ſupply their wants,
To ſee my ſtocks, ſo lately grafted, ſprout,
Or if my Vines began to burgeon out.

[9]

THOUGH gone was I,* my heart
was in thy breſt
(Although to thee perchance) an un-
known Gueſt,
'Twas that, that gave ſuch wings to
thy deſire,
T' enjoy my Love, and ſet thy ſoul
on fire;
But my return was quick, and with a
mind
More nimble (yet more conſtant)
than the wind,
I came, and as the winged ſhaft doth
flie
With undiſcerned ſpeed, even ſo did I.

*My spirit.

[10]

RETURN (O then return), thou Child of Peace,
To thy firſt joys, O let thy tears ſurceaſe;
Return thee to thy Love; let not the *night
With flatt'ring †ſlumbers tempt thy true delight;
Return thee to my boſome, let my breſt
Be ſtill thy Tent; Take there eternal reſt;
Return, O Thou, in whoſe inchanted eye,
Are Darts enough to make an Army flye.

*Security. †Worldly pleasures.

[11]

FAIR Daughter of the higheſt King, how ſweet
Are th' unaffected graces of thy *Feet!
From every ſtep, true Majeſty did ſpring,
Fitting the Daughter of ſo high a King:
Thy Waſte is circled with a †Virgins Zone,
Imbeliſht round with many a precious ‡Stone,
Wherein thy curious Workman did fulfill
The utmoſt Glory of his Diviner Skill.

*Thy ways. †The Girdle of Truth.
‡The precious gifts of the Spirit.

[12]

THY *Navel, where thy holy Embryon doth
Receive ſweet nouriſhment, and heavenly growth,
Is like a Cryſtal Spring, whoſe freſh ſupply
Of living Waters, Sun, nor Drought can dry:
Thy †fruitful Womb is like a winnow'd heap
Of pureſt Grain, which Heavens bleſt hand did reap,
With Lillies fenc'd; True Emblem of rare treaſure,
Whoſe Grain denotes encreaſe; whoſe Lillies, pleaſure.

**Whereby there is a receipt of ſpiritual conceptions.*
†*Increase of the faithful.*

[13]

THY dainty *Breſts are like fair
Twins, both ſwelling
In equal Majeſty; in hue excelling
The new fall'n Snow upon th' un-
trodden Mountains,
From whence there flows, as from
exub'rous Fountains,
Rivers of heavenly Nectar, to allay
The holy thirſt of Souls: Thrice hap-
py they,
And more than thrice, whoſe bleſt
affections bring
Their thirſty Palates to ſo ſweet a
Spring.

*The Old and New Testament.

[14]

THY *Neck doth repreſent an
Ivory Tower,
In perfect pureneſs, and united Pow-
er.
Thine †Eyes (like Pools at a fre-
quented Gate
For every Comer to draw Water at)
Are common treaſures, and like
Cryſtal Glaſſes,
Shew each his lively viſage, as he
paſſes.
Thy †Noſe, the curious Organ of thy
ſcent,
Wants nothing more, for uſe, for Or-
nament.

*Teachers. †Glorious in all parts.

[15]

THY *Tires of Gold (enricht with glorious Gems,
Rare Diamonds, and Princely Diadems)
Adorn thy Brows, and with their native worth
Advance thy glory, and ſet thy beauty forth;
So perfect are thy Graces, ſo Divine,
And full of Heaven are thoſe fair looks of thine,
That I'm inflamed with the double fire
Of thy full beauty, and my fierce deſire.

*The Ceremonies of the Church.

[16]

O Sacred Symmetry! O rare connexion
Of many perfects, to make one perfection!
O Heavenly Muſick, where all parts do meet
In one ſweet ſtrain, to make one perfect ſweet!
O glorious Member, whoſe each ſeveral feature
Divine compoſe ſo, ſo Divine a Creature!
Fair ſoul, as all thy parts united be
Entire, ſo ſumm'd are all my joys in thee.

[17]

THY curious Fabrick, and erected Stature,
Is like the generous Palm, whoſe lofty nature
In ſpight of envious violence will aſpire,
When moſt ſuppreſt, the more it mounts the higher;
Thy lovely Breſts (whoſe Beauty re-invites
My oft remembrance to her oft delights)
Are like the ſwelling Cluſters of the Vine;
So full of ſweetneſs are thoſe Breſts of thine.

[18]

ART thou my Palm? My buſie hand ſhall nouriſh
Thy fruitful roots, and make thy branches flouriſh.
Art thou my Vine? my ſkilful arm ſhall dreſs
Thy *dying plants; my living ſprings ſhall bleſs
Thy †infant Buds; my blaſting breath ſhall quell
‡Preſumptuous weeds, and make thy Cluſters ſwell;
And all that love thee ſhall attain the favour
To taſte thy ſweetneſs, and to ſmell thy ſavour.

*Despairing souls. †Young Converts.
‡Opposers of the Truth.

[19]

THOSE Oracles that from thy lips proceed,
With ſweet Evangels, ſhall delight and feed
Th' attentive ear, and like the Trumpet's voice,
Amaze faint hearts, but make brave ſpirits rejoice:
Thy breath, whoſe Dialect is moſt Divine,
Incends quick flames, where ember'd ſparks but ſhine;
It ſtrikes the Pleaders Rhet'rick with deriſion,
And makes the dulleſt Soul a Rhetorician.

BRIDE.

SONET XXI.

My Faith, not merits, hath aſſur'd thee mine;
Thy Love, not my deſert, hath made me thine;
Unworthy I, whoſe drowzy ſoul rejected
Thy precious favours, and (ſecure) neglected
Thy glorious preſence, how am I become
A Bride befitting ſo Divine a Groom!
It is no merit, no deſert of mine,
Thy love, thy love alone, hath made me thine.

[2]

SINCE then the bounty of thy dear election
Hath ſtyl'd me thine, O let the ſweet reflection
Of thy illuſtrious Beams, my ſoul inſpire,
And with thy Spirit inflame my hot deſire;
Unite our Souls; O let thy Spirit reſt
And make perpetual home within my Breſt;
Inſtruct me ſo, that I may gain the Skill,
To ſuite my ſervice to thy ſacred Will.

[3]

COME, come (my Souls Preſerver), thou that art
Th' united joys of my united heart,
Come, let us viſit, with the morning light,
Our proſp'rous *Vines; with mutual delight
Let 's view thoſe Grapes, whoſe cluſters being †preſt
Shall make rich Wines, to ſerve our Marriage Feaſt;
That by the thriving Plants it may appear,
Our joys-perfecting Marriage draweth near.

*Congregation of the faithful. †By affliction.

[4]

BEHOLD, my *new-diſcloſed Flowers preſent,
Before thy Gates, their tributary ſcent:
Reſerve themſelves for Garlands, that they may
Adorn the Bridegroom, on his Marriage Day:
My †Garden's full of ‡Trees, and every Tree
Laden with §Fruit, which I devote to thee;
Eternal joys betide that happy Gueſt,
That taſtes the dainties of the Bridegroom's Feaſt.

*Young Converts. †Aſſemblies. ‡Faithful.
§Faith and good Works.

[5]

O WOULD to God mine eyes (theſe fainting eyes,
Whoſe eager appetite could ne'r deviſe
A dearer object) might but once behold
My Love (as I am) clad in fleſhly mold,
That each may corporally converſe with other,
As Friend with Friend, as Siſter with her Brother!
O how mine eyes could welcome ſuch a ſight!
How would my Soul diſſolve with o'r-delight!

[6]

THEN ſhould this hand conduct my faireſt Spouſe,
To taſte a Banquet at my Mothers *Houſe;
Our fruitful Garden ſhould preſent thine eyes
With ſweet delights; her Trees ſhould ſacrifice
Their early fruits to thee; our tender Vine
Should chear thy Palate with her unpreſt Wine;
Thy hand ſhould teach my living Plants to thrive,
And ſuch as are a dying, to revive.

*The Universal Church.

[7]

THEN ſhould my Soul enjoy within this Breſt
A holy Sabbath of eternal Reſt;
Then ſhould my Cauſe, that ſuffers through deſpight
Of errour and rude ignorance, have right;
Then ſhould theſe *ſtreams, whoſe tides ſo often riſe,
Be ebb'd away from my ſuffuſed eyes;
Then ſhould my ſpirits, fill'd with heavenly mirth,
Triumph o'r Hell, and find a Heaven on Earth.

*Tears and sorrows.

[8]

ALL you that wiſh the bountiful encreaſe
Of deareſt Pleaſures, and Divineſt Peace,
I charge you all (if ought my charge may move
Your tender hearts) *not to diſturb my Love;
Vex not his gentle Spirit, nor bereave
Him of his Joys, that is ſo apt to grieve;
Dare not to break his quiet ſlumbers, leſt
You rouze a raging Lion from his reſt.

*Not to vex and grieve his holy Spirit.

[9]

WHO ever lov'd, that ever lov'd, as I,
That for his ſake renouce my ſelf, deny
The Worlds beſt Joys, and have the world forgone?
Who ever lov'd ſo dear as I have done?
I ſought my Love, and found him *lowly laid
Beneath the Tree of Love, in whoſe ſweet ſhade
He reſted; there his eye ſent forth the fire
That firſt inflam'd my amorous deſire.

*In humility.

[10]

My deareſt Spouſe, O ſeal me on thy heart
So ſure, that envious Earth may never part
Our joined Souls; let not the world remove
My chaſte deſires from so choice a Love;
For, O, my love 's not ſlight, her flames are ſerious,
Was ever Death ſo pow'rful, ſo imperious?
My jealous zeal is a conſuming fire,
That burns my ſoul, through fear and fierce deſire.

[11]

FIRES may be quencht, and flames
though n'er ſo great
With many drops ſhall faint, and loſe
their heat:
But theſe quick fires of Love, the
more ſuppreſt,
The more they flame in my inflamed
breſt.
How dark is honour! how obſcure
and dim
Is Earth's bright Glory, but com-
par'd with him!
How foul is beauty! what a toil is
pleaſure!
How poor is wealth! how baſe a thing
is treaſure!

[12]

I HAVE a *Sister, which by thy Divine
And bounteous Grace, our Marriage shall make thine.
She is mine own, mine only Sister, whom
My Mother bare, the youngest of her womb:
She's yet a †Child, her beauty may improve,
Her breasts are small, and yet too green for Love;
When time and years shall adde perfection to her,
Say (deerest Love) what honour wilt thou do her?

*The Church of the Gentiles, then uncalled.
†Uncall'd to the truth.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XXII.

IF ſhe be fair, and with her beauty prove
As chaſte, as loyal to her Virgin-Love,
As thou haſt been; then in that high degree
I'll honour her, as I have honour'd thee:
Be ſhe as conſtant to her Veſtal Vow,
And true to her devoted faith, as thou;
I'll crown her head, and fill her hand with power,
And give a Kingdom to her for a Dower.

BRIDE.

SONET XXIII.

WHEN time ſhall ripen theſe her green deſires,
And holy Love ſhall breathe her heavenly fires
Into her Virgin-breaſt, her heart ſhall be
As true to Love, as I am true to thee:
O when thy boundleſs bounty ſhall conjoin
Her equal glorious Majeſty with mine,
My joys are perfect, then in ſacred Bands
Wedlock ſhall couple our eſpouſed hands.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XXIV.

I AM thy Gard'ner, thou my fruitful Vine,
Whoſe rip'ned Cluſters ſwell with richeſt wine;
The Vines of *Solomon* were not ſo fair,
His Grapes were not ſo precious, as thine are;
His Vines were ſubject to the vulgar will
Of hired hands, and mercenary ſkill:
Corrupted Carles were merry with his Vines,
And at a price return'd their barter'd Wines.

[2]

BUT mine's a Vineyard, which no ruder hand
Shall touch, ſubjected to my ſole command;
My ſelf with this laborious Arm will dreſs it,
My preſence with a buſie eye ſhall bleff it;
O Princely *Solomon*, thy thriving Vine
Is not ſo fair, ſo bountiful as mine;
Thy greedy ſharers claim an earned hire,
But mine 's reſerv'd, and to my ſelf intire.

[3]

O THOU that dwelleſt *where th' eternal Fame
Of my renown ſo glorifies thy name;
Illuſtrious Bride, in whoſe Celeſtial Tongue
Are ſacred Spells t'inchant the ruder throng;
O! let thy lips, like a perpetual Story,
Divulge my Graces, and declare my Glory;
Direct thoſe hearts that errour leads aſtray,
Diſſolve the † Wax, but make obdure the ‡ Clay.

*In the great Congregation. †The Penitent.
‡The Presumptuous.

BRIDE.

SONET XXV.

MOST glorious Love, and honourable Lord,
My heart's the vowed ſervant of thy word,
But I am weak, and as a tender Vine
Shall fall, unpropt by that dear hand of thine:
Aſſiſt me therefore, that I may fulfill
What thou command'ſt, and then command thy will;
O leave thy Sacred Spirit in my breſt,
As Earneſt of an everlaſting Reſt.

THE END.

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